Car. That honourable day ſhall ne're be ſeene.
Many a time hath baniſh'd *Norfolke* fought
For Ieſu Chriſt, in glorious Chriſtian field
Streaming the Enſigne of the Chriſtian Croſſe
Againſt blacke Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens:
And toyl'd with workes of warre, retyr'd himſelfe
To *Italy*, and there at *Venice* gave
His Body to that pleaſant Countries Earth,
And his pure ſoule unto his Captaine Chriſt,
Vnder whoſe Colours he had fought ſo long.
Bul. Why Biſhop, is *Norforke* dead?
Carl. As ſure as I live my Lord.
Bul. Sweet peace conduct his ſweet ſoule
To the Boſome of good old *Abraham*.
Lords Appealants, your differences ſhall all reſt under (gage,
Till we aſſigne you to your dayes of Tryall.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. Great Duke of Lancaſter, I come to thee
From Plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing ſoule
Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds
To the poſſeſſion of thy Royall Hand.
Aſcend his Throne, deſcending now from him,
And long live *Henry*, of that Name the Fourth.
Bul. In Gods Name, Ile aſcend the Regall throne.
Carl. Mary, Heaven forbid.
VVorſt in this Royall Preſence may I ſpeake,
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeake the truth.
Would God, that any in this Noble Preſence
Were enough Noble to be upright Iudge
Of Noble *Richard*; then true Nobleneſſe would
Learne him forbearance from ſo foule a Wrong.
What ſubject can give ſentence on his King?
And who ſits here, that is not *Richards* ſubject?
Theeves are not judg'd, but they are by to heare
Although apparant guilt be ſeene in them:
And ſhall the figure of Gods Majeſty,
His Captaine, ſteward, Deputy elect,
Anoynted, Crown'd and planted many yeares,

Be judg'd by ſubjects, and inferior breath,
And he himſelfe not preſent? Oh, forbid, it God,
That in a Chriſtian Climate, ſoules refinde
Should ſhew ſo heynous, blacke, obſcene a deed.
I ſpeake to ſubjects, and a ſubject ſpeakes,
Stirr'd up by Heaven, thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of *Hereford* here, whom you call King,
Is a foule Traytor to prowd *Herefords* King.
And if you Crowne him, let me prophecy,
The blood of Engliſh ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groane for his foule Act.
Peace ſhall goe ſleepe with *Turkes* and Infidels,
And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warres
Shall Kinne with Kinne, and Kinde with Kinde confound,
Diſorder, Horror, Feare, and Mutiny
Shall here inhabite and this Land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead mens ſculls.
Oh, if you reare this Houſe againſt this Houſe
It will the woefulleſt Diviſion prove,
That ever fell upon this curſed Earth.
Prevent it, reſiſt it, let it not be ſo,
Leaſt Child, Childs Children cry againſt you, VVoe.
North. Well have you argu'd Sir: and for your paines,
Of Capitall Treaſon we arreſt you here.
My Lord of Weſtminſter, be it your charge,
To keepe him ſafely, till his day of Tryall.
May it pleaſe you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?
Bull. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may ſurrender: ſo we ſhall proceede
VVithout ſuſpition.
Yor. I will be his Conduct. *Exit.*
Bull. Lords, you that here are under our Arreſt,
Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Anſwer:
Little are we beholding to your Love,
And little look'd for at your helping Hands.

Enter Richard and Yorke.

Fich. Alack, why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I have ſhooke off the Regall thoughts